

William Moody

THE
Johnson Journal



Commencement - June - 1929

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COMMENCEMENT - JUNE - 1929

NO. 4

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EDITORIAL



PRINCIPAL'S WORD TO THE SENIORS

A few weeks ago a college president said in an address to some men and women, holding more or less responsible positions that carried with them at one time or another very perplexing problems, "It isn't what comes to you that matters; it is how you take it. It isn't the position that you hold that counts; it is how you discharge its duties."

As you leave Johnson and the close relationship of a class breaks up and each of you goes his own way, so live, my girls and boys, that the group into which your duties call you may honor, respect, admire, and love you. May the sun as it rises every day call to you loudly "Look to This Day", and may you so heed the challenge that continually it may be truthfully said of each of you,

“One who never turned his back but
 marched breast forward,
 Never doubted clouds would break,
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted,
 wrong would triumph,
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled
 to fight better,
 Sleep to wake.”

Go on, “greet the unseen with a cheer”, and may success
 crown your undertakings.

ANNIE L. SARGENT



CLASS OF 1929



RUTH M. BODE
 184 *Railroad Avenue*
 “RUFUS”
 REALLY MODESTLY BEHAVED

DOROTHY M. BOLTON
 142 *Chestnut Street*
 “DOT”
 DOT’S MOST BEAUTIFUL
 Journal Staff, 4

MARION G. BUCHAN
 35 *Third Street*
 MIGHTY GOOD BRAINS
 Basketball, 4
 Athletic Association, Secretary, 4
 Journal Staff, 3, 4
 Class Plays, 1, 2, 3, 4
 J. H. S. Orchestra, 3, 4

MILDRED L. CHAMPION
 29 *Davis Street*
 MILD LOYAL COMRADE
 Essex County Typewriting Contest, 3

MARY A. COSTELLO
 17 *Merrimac Street*
 “MARY A”
 MARY ADORES CLOTHES

GERALD W. CURREN
 99 *Maple Avenue*
 “JERRY”
 GERALD’S WAVES COLLEGIATE
 Class Plays, 1, 2, 3, 4

ADELA DAINOWSKI
 647 *Salem Street*
 ALWAYS DETERMINED
 Class Plays, 1, 2

ROGER J. DEHULLU
 43 *Marblehead Street*
 “ROGE”
 READILY JILTS DAMSELS
 J. H. S. Orchestra, 1, 2
 Journal Staff, 4
 Football, 4

THOMAS F. DONLAN
 273 *Massachusetts Avenue*
 “TOMMY”
 TALKS FRENCH DIVINELY
 Baseball, 2, 3, (Capt.) 4
 Basketball, 4
 Football, 3, 4
 Athletic Association, 2, 3
 Vice-President, 4

CORNELIUS J. DONOVAN
 16 *Salem Street*
 “CONNIE”
 CONNIE JOKES DONLAN
 Football, 3, 4
 Class Plays, 1, 2, 3
 Journal Staff, 4

ROBENA D. C. EAGLE
 114 *Andover Street*
 “RUBY”
 REALLY DOES CHASE EVERYONE
 “Clarence” 3

LUCY E. ELLIOT
46 Tolland Road
"LU"
LIKES EVERYONE EXACT
Basketball Manager, 4

GLADYS M. ENAIRE
9 Merrimac Street
GLADYS MAY EXCEL
Basketball, 4
Essex County Typewriting Contest, 4

C. WINIFRED FITZGERALD
35 Milton Street
"RED"
CAN WINNIE FLIRT
Class Play, 3
"Come Out of the Kitchen", 4
Assistant Editor, Journal, 4
Athletic Association, 3
Class Secretary, 1, 2, 3, 4

EDMUND J. FOGARTY
12 Commonwealth Avenue
"ED"
"ED" JABBERS FUTILELY
Class Play, 4

ABBOT S. GALAHER
63 Milk Street
"STUB"
A SLEEPY GUY
Baseball, 2, 3, 4

EDWARD W. GALAHER
63 Milk Street
"ED"
"ED" WORKS GIRLS
Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4
Football, 2, 3, 4
Basketball, 4
Journal Staff, 4

HELEN M. GALLANT
1063 Salem Street
"GILLIE"
HATES MIKE'S GABBING
Class Play, 3

T. GLADYS GILL
9 Trinity Court
THAT GLORIOUS GIRL

F. CLIFFORD GILLESPIE
192 Middlesex Street
"CLIFF"
FAITHFULLY CONQUERS GEOMETRY
Class President, 3
Football, 3
Track, 1, 3
Class Plays, 1, 2, 3
Journal Staff, 4, Editor-in-Chief, 4
Athletic Association, 3, President, 4
"Clarence", 3
"Come Out of the Kitchen", 4
Awarded the prize of the Harvard Club of
Andover as Best all-round Junior Man.

MARIAN E. GLENNIE
17 Massachusetts Avenue
"SCOTTIE"
MANAGES EVERYTHING GLADLY
Basketball, 3, 4
Class Plays, 1, 2, 3, 4
Class Treasurer, 1, 2, 3, 4
Athletic Association, 4, Treasurer

ROBERT T. GRAHAM
14 Robinson Place
"DOC"
ROMEO THE GREAT
Class Plays, 2, 3
Journal Staff, 1, 2, 3
Athletic Association, 2
Class President, 4
Class Orator, 4

BLANCHE V. GREENWOOD
110 Marblehead Street
"BEE GEE"
BREEZY, VIVACIOUS, GOSSIPY
School Plays, 1, 2, 3, 4
"Come Out of the Kitchen", 4
Journal Staff, 1
School Orchestra, 1, 2

MARY F. GROGAN
41 Second Street
MOST FRIENDLY GIRL

ARTHUR W. HAWKES
18 Stonington Street
"ART"

A WANDERING HOBO
Class Plays, 2, 3
Basketball, 4
School Marshal, 3

ELSA M. HEIDER
428 Dale Street
"EL"
EARLY MORNING HUSTLER
Basketball, 4
J. H. S. Orchestra, 2, 3, 4

JULIA E. JUARCEYS

16 *Harkaway Road*

"JUDY"

JUDGES EVERYONE JUDICIOUSLY

Journal Staff, 4

Class Will, 4

Essex County Shorthand Contest, 3

KATHERINE P. KEIGHLEY

37 *Merrimac Street*

"KAY"

KIND PLEASANT "KAY"

MICHAEL F. MARCHESE

Hillside Road

"MIKE"

MOTHER'S FAT MAN

Journal Staff, 1, 2, 4

Class Plays, 2, 3

Essex County Typewriting Contest, 3, 4

SELINA McCLUNG

135 *High Street*

"SIS"

"SISSY" MAY CLIMB

Class Plays, 1, 2, 3

Journal Staff, 4

Valedictorian

MARION C. MCGREGOR

West Boxford

MARION CAN MAKE GOOD

Class Plays, 2, 3

Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4

Salutatorian

KATHLEEN McMURRAY

103 *Union Street*

"KATH"

KEEPS MOVING

Essex County Typewriting Contest, 4

DOUGLAS A. NEIL

39 *Park Street*

"DOUG"

DANCES ALL NIGHT

Basketball, 3, (Capt.) 4

"Clarence", 3

Class Plays, 1, 2, 3, 4

Journal Staff, 1, 3, 4

Athletic Association, 1, 2, 4

School Marshal, 3

ETHELYN M. PATTERSON

31 *Peters Street*

"PAT"

EVEN MAKES PROPHECIES

Class Prophet, 4

RUTH M. PUTNAM

32 *Pleasant Street*

"PUT"

REALLY MAKES PALS

Class Plays, 1, 2

ANNA M. R. REILLY

Great Pond Road

"ANN"

A MISS RARELY RUFFLED

ARLINE M. ROBERTS

Pleasant Street

"ROMAN"

A MILD "ROMAN"

Class Play 3

MILDRED E. SCHRUENDER

339 *Osgood Street*

"MIDGE"

MIDGE'S EVER SOCIABLE

Athletic Association, 4

Basketball, 2, 3, 4

MARY F. SHERIDAN

7 *Cleveland Street*

MUCH FINE SENSE

HAZEL L. TAYLOR

51 *Davis Street*

"LO"

HATES LOSING TIME

Basketball, 1, 4

JOHN J. THOMPSON

217 *Appleton Street*

"JOHNNIE"

JOHN JAZZES TIME

J. H. S. Orchestra, 1, 2, 3, 4

ALICE A. VENNER

24 *May Street*

"PEANUT"

ALWAYS AFTER VICTORY

Essex County Shorthand Contest, 3, 4

Class Play, 1, 2

ANNA WATNICK

11 *Railroad Avenue*

ALWAYS WORKING

RUTH N. WHITNEY

289 *Sutton Street*

"RUTHIE"

RUTH'S NIFTY WAVE

RITA E. M. WINNING

605 *Salem Street*

RITA EVENTUALLY MUST WRANGLE



CLASS OF 1929

SALUTATORY

We, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-nine, welcome you here tonight at our last gathering as part of Johnson High School. We welcome our parents, who have made it possible for us to be a part of this school, our teachers, who have labored hard that we might receive the full benefit of a high school education, and our friends and schoolmates who have helped us on our way by their kindness and companionship.

OUR DEBT TO CHEMISTRY

It will not be the nation which possesses the broadest territory or the most natural resources that will stand at the head of all nations fifty years from now, but it will be that nation which has bred scientists and maintained laboratories and research centers. Pasteur, perhaps the greatest benefactor of the human race, declared that "In our age, Science is the soul of the prosperity of nations and the living soul of all progress. What really leads us forward are scientific discoveries and their applications."

There is scarcely an article in common use which does not owe its existence to the application of some chemical principle, or an industry in which its importance is not felt. "It is quite evident that chemistry has a direct and exceedingly important bearing on life. The chemist is the manager of mankind. His discoveries have changed the course of man's life, altered relations of national power, and changed international thought."

Agriculture may be called the basic industry of mankind. The wealth and progress of a nation depend to a great extent upon the fertility of its soil. The fertility of the soil, the quality and quantity of the products reaped from it, are determined wholly by the proper application of chemical compounds. Chemistry has taught the farmer of today how to retain the fertility of his soil, how to raise the best type of a crop, and how to protect his products from the devastation of bugs and fungi. Thus the farmers of today, aided by chemistry, are far in advance of those of earlier days.

Let us determine in what way the progress of modern industry is the result of the chemist's labors. In the last ten years, America has turned from woolen to artificial silk for reasons of comfort and economy. But who discovered how to make durable artificial silk? Some chemist who spent long, weary hours in a patient attempt to make silken threads out of common wood pulp. What is the source of the pleasing colors of these fabrics? How is it that today, for ten cents a package, everybody in the civilized world may have colors, which, six hundred years ago, kings gave a fortune to procure? The reason is that the chemists have discovered that all colors of the rainbow may be made from common, sticky, disagreeable, repulsive, coal tar. Not only

dyes but also some of our most respectable perfumes and flavors are derived from that same smelly tar. Thus the chemist has established an affinity between lilies of the valley, pineapple flavoring and common tar.

Then there are automobiles. We won't try to take credit away from Mr. Ford for his ingenuity in constructing a cheap, gasoline motor, but we will ask who, in the first place, discovered gasoline? It is certain that gasoline all ready for Mr. Brown's gas tank doesn't squirt out of gushers in Oklahoma. That is the sticky, dirty, greasy, stuff which farmers formerly used to grease their wagon axles. It was the chemist who, by distilling this crude petroleum, produced for us the gasoline so necessary today. Now to whom does the credit belong for the decline of ox-carts and the rise of the glorious Ford? Most certainly to the chemist. Fords couldn't go as fast as ox carts without gasoline.

In the mining industry, it is chemical principles which separate metals from ores and make alloys. Although it is true that no magician has yet succeeded, to any great extent, in making gold out of lead, iron, or any other metal as certain ancient gentlemen once hoped to do; yet in the steel industry, the chemist has made new steels which are stainless, tough, and able to stand high temperatures. Thus we have seen that chemistry in industry has resulted in the saving of time, labor, and money—or in other words, chemistry has been the basis of progress in industry.

Finally, let us look for a moment at the results of the crusade of chemistry against disease and suffering. This is the most important service of the science: the alleviation of human suffering and the eradication of disease.

For many years the connection of medicine and chemistry was very close; so close that an ancient chemist remarked that "the true purpose of chemistry is not to make gold but to prepare medicines." Now, in our day, chemistry is the handmaiden of medicine. The fact that a patient is no longer forced to endure untold agony while a limb is being amputated is directly due to the anaesthetics provided by chemists. That many patients are rescued from the danger of blood poisoning after such operations is due to the powerful antiseptics of chemistry, the bacteriological work of Pasteur, and Lister's methods of sterilization. The chemist has found cures for diseases hitherto believed incurable, such as epilepsy and leprosy. Some day the chemist is going to give to us purer and better anti-toxins, and some day he is going to find a cure for cancer, tuberculosis, and pneumonia.

Now that we have seen the progress brought by chemistry in agriculture, industry, and medicine, let us say with Pasteur that our "invincible belief is that Science and Peace will triumph over Ignorance and War, that nations will unite, not to destroy but to build, and that the future will belong to those who will have done most for suffering humanity."

Marion C. McGregor

LOOK TO THIS DAY

Look To This Day. We have chosen these words as our class motto. What do they mean to us? How should they inspire and guide us? When we say, "Look to this day," we mean, that we are to make **this** day's work our best, we are not to grieve about the set-backs and misfortunes of yesterday nor are we to worry too much about the problems of the future.

Small consolation and no benefit can be found when one thinks of what he should or should not have done at some occasion in the past. One test of a person is his ability to take a defeat, and then commence his task again, without wasting time lamenting over post-mortems.

Equally foolish is the idea that worrying over future problems will lessen their difficulty. A man may know that on a certain day he must perform some difficult task. If he spends his days and nights in constant dread and worry over the approaching task, he will be in no condition to meet it squarely. On the other hand, if he attends to each day's work as it comes along, he will be better able to meet the critical day; and, by doing his best, accomplish his purpose and win his victory. Nine times out of ten the task, when completed, is not found so complex or difficult as was first supposed. Often, at the close of a successful day, one can say, "Today is the tomorrow that I worried about yesterday."

If, each day, we take the task at hand and do our best at it, we shall find many successful days in our lives. Each successful day that we leave behind us adds new pleasures to our life and inspires greater hope for the future.

I cannot develop the thought of this motto better than to give you the words of an old Indian poet,

Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn!
Look to this Day!
For it is Life, the very Life of Life
In its brief course lie all the
Varieties and Realities of your Existence:
The Bliss of Growth,
The Glory of Action,
The Splendor of Beauty.
For Yesterday is but a Dream
And Tomorrow is only a Vision;
But Today well-lived makes
Every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,
And every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.
Look well, therefore, to this Day!

Robert T. Graham

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1929

We, the members of the Class of 1929, of Johnson High School, of the Town of North Andover, County of Essex, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound and disposing mind, do hereby bequeath the following list of articles to the persons herein named.

The Senior Class leaves its best wishes to the Faculty and the Junior Class.

Ruby Eagle to Frances Rea her interest in big men—in size I mean.

Blanche Greenwood to Frances Watnick her membership in the X Y Z Club.

Alice Venner to Teresa Michlun her intense liking for “Hey Eddies”.

To Ruby Ruddell, Gladys Gill leaves her love for a cockpit in a certain green airplane.

Edmund Fogarty to Donald Neville his reasons why he believes there are not too many holidays.

Gladys Enaire bequeathes to Laura Holt her chestnut-brown curls with the sincere hope that they will be becoming to Laura.

Rita Winning to Elsie Hargreaves her article on how to pick strawberries gracefully. Rita knows how.

Her love for United States History, Kathleen McMurray leaves to Anna Costello.

Cornelius Donovan to William Greenler his song entitled “Oh, How I Love to Get the Teacher’s Goat.” Conny assures me the melody of the chorus is very entertaining.

Mildred Champion to Martha Thompson a book entitled “How to Make Up with the Boy Friend.”

Katherine Keighley to Helen Lawlor her spare periods in Room 18, sincerely hoping that Helen enjoys them as much as she does.

Arline Roberts to Louise Espig her ability to remember Miss Case’s instructions in the bookkeeping class.

To Malcom Choate, Thomas Donlan wills his smiling Irish eyes.

Lucy Elliot bequeathes her ability to tell funny stories to Hazel Waterhouse.

Ethelyn Patterson to Sarah Silverstein her becoming water wave.

Anna Watnick to Gertrude Barwell her large, special-made powder puff.

Michael Marchese to James Taylor and David Parker his ability to make the scales groan and cry out for mercy.

Adela Dainowski to Sarah Movsesian her aspirations to become a second Dolores del Rio.

Helen Gallant to Verna Cass her knowledge of how to raise chickens successfully.

Douglas Neil has finally induced his “misplace” to grow, so he kindly wills it to Albert Williams, who is less fortunate.

Mildred Schruender to Charlotte Cyr her cute way of saying, "Now, stop it."

Marian Glennie to Dorothy Jackson her eyebrow pencil.

Ruth Whitney to Elizabeth Cassidy her prize-winning story entitled "Why I Like Peanuts."

Edward Galaher to James Baldwin his instructions how to stay up nights and sleep in school.

Veronica Boyle to Ruth Abbott one of her boy friends.

Marion Buchan to Kathleen Mullen her efficiency on the basketball team.

To Grace Morris, Marion McGregor wills her seat in the Boxford Bus.

John Thompson to John Connors his method of checking up on teachers' marks on his tests. Johnny is a very wide-awake boy.

Elsa Heider to Viola Roberts her boyish bob.

Mary Grogan to Althea Perley her ability to master difficult problems in Math.

Dorothy Bolton to Erika Leonard a catalogue showing what the well-dressed women ought to wear.

Roger Dehullu to William Bower his best pink shirt.

Lois Taylor to Catherine Lyons her reputation as the class flirt.

Mary Costello to Marguerite Roche her ability to talk a person deaf, dumb, and blind. Mary can't be beaten.

Winifred Fitzgerald to Charlotte Broderick her book explaining how to become an efficient librarian.

Clifford Gillespie to Russel Humphries his reputation as the best all-round boy of the Class of 1929.

Selina McClung to Isabelle Dimery her excellent scholastic record.

Samuel Osgood to James Phelan his dramatic experiences.

Mary Sheridan to Velma Coates and Gladys Dill some of her avoirdupois.

Gerald Curren to Francis Boyle his popularity among the girls of Methuen.

Ruth Putnam to Katherine Crowley her best wishes.

Robert Graham to Howard Paulson the presidency of the Senior Class.

Anna Reilly to Natalie Webb her article telling about the benefits derived from living near the lake.

Arthur Hawkes to Arthur Covell his reputation as the best looking boy. That really is a gift of the gods, Arthur.

David Sellers to Charles Stillwell a road map which plainly shows the best parking spaces in Boxford.

Ruth Bode to Eunice Smith her winsome smile.

Lastly, I leave this bit of advice. Take all of this in fun, for only fun it is meant to be.

In WITNESS WHEREOF, I hereunto set my hand and seal this thirteenth day of June in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Twenty-nine.

Signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of

Marion A. Case

Annie L. Sargent

Alvah G. Hayes

Julia E. Juarceys (Seal)
for the Class of 1929

Class of 1929 - - Prophecy

It was in 1940 when I returned for my first visit to North Andover, after having left for my ranch in Colorado eight years before. The town itself did not seem to have changed much, but I missed many of the old faces and wondered where they could all have gone. I did not know then that I was so soon to have the opportunity to find out. But first, I must not forget to mention that I was making this visit with an old classmate of mine, Mrs. Colby, who, previous to the past five years, had been known as Miss Marion McGregor. One afternoon while we were taking a little stroll about the town,—the Colbys had decided to make their new residence in North Andover instead of West Boxford,—we met Miss Sargent walking up Main Street. Of course, I was delighted to have a talk with her, after all these years, about all the good times we had in Latin IV, and many other events which had taken place in dear old Johnson High. While we were in the midst of this conversation, talking about the various classmates, Miss Sargent suggested that I try to look up the whole class of '29, so that we might have a reunion. I warmly welcomed this suggestion because I was very eager to find out for myself what everyone was doing; and, as I was, at the time, doing quite a lot of travelling through the country, I knew I would have plenty of opportunity to get in touch with most of them. Mrs. Colby promised, too, to give me what help she could. Even on the way back to her house, we met two of the old crowd, first, "Stub" Galaher, who was already one of the leading politicians of North Andover, running in the coming election for selectman. I congratulated him upon his success and told him of our plans, to which he heartily agreed. Soon afterward we met Helen Gallant, who told me she was still enjoying the pleasures of country life in a Ford.

That evening as we were sitting by the fireplace, Marion proceeded to tell me about all our classmates, with whom she had kept in touch. Adela Dainowski had gone, soon after graduation, to Hollywood, and was then on the screen, taking the place of Dolores Del Rio. I had always thought there was a strong resemblance between the two. Mary Grogan was already winning her way to fame as a great lawyer. People thought she would soon be filling Mrs. Willebrandt's place as assistant attorney-general of the United States. Marion almost forgot to tell

me that John Thompson had the unique position right here in town of checking up on the teachers' marks. She thought that Miss Haven had secured the position for him.

That night, after thinking of the good times coming, I slept soundly and awoke early the next morning to do the radio health exercises. The voice of the instructor sounded rather familiar, but I was some surprised when the announcer told us that the exercises were being broadcast by Mr. Michael Marchese who had recently published a booklet entitled "Reduce by Exercise". The information it contained was justified by the author's personal experience. Later on that morning, Marion and I went for a visit up to Johnson to see some more of our old teachers. The enrollment had greatly increased since I was there, and consequently, another teacher had been added to the French Department. When I walked into Room 10, I found standing with Miss Cook,—who? — none other than Mademoiselle McClung. We had quite a talk with her and was told that she heard Ed Galaher was soon to become a rich man,—as the result of his new invention,—a portable bed. So at last Ed could have a comfortable sleep whenever he wished! When we got home, we turned the radio on again and heard Mary Sheridan giving the fifth lesson in bridge. A few hours later the bedtime story hour was announced and "Little Red Riding Hood" was cleverly told by David Sellers.

A few days later my pleasant visit with Mrs. Colby came to an end and I started on my return trip West to try to locate the rest of the class. As I got off the train in Boston, I heard my name shouted and looking up in the engine, I recognized Arthur Hawkes very busy shoveling coal. He told me it wouldn't be long before he'd be promoted to the position of engineer. As I wandered about the station, I saw large posters advertising the big fight for the following evening. What a surprise I got when I saw that Mr. Thomas Donlan, Jr., who for the past five years had been very carefully trained by the Honorable Cornelius Donovan, was scheduled to fight against the heavy-weight Champion.

Later, comfortably seated in an airplane bound for New York, as I was opening the Boston Globe I saw, written in large letters, that Edmund J. Fogarty, Prof. of "Bugology" at Harvard College, was to give a lecture on "The Art of Catching Butterflies". It was not long with this modern means of travelling before I had reached my destination, and, as I was making my way along Fifth Avenue, my attention was attracted to a well-dressed lady stepping out of a Rolls Royce, with a noisy white poodle under her arm. I thought I recognized the nose turned up in the air. Of course, you could never guess; it was the former Miss Winifred! That evening, when I engaged my suite at the Ritz, I found that it was now being run under the proprietorship of Mr. Samuel Osgood. He informed me that, with the retirement of Mr. Ziegfeld into private life, his place on Broadway had been filled by Mr. Douglas Neil. Of course, I was eager to know how



S. McCLUNG
Valedictorian



M. McGREGOR
Salutatorian



R. GRAHAM
Class Orator

Photos by Bachrach

"Doug" was getting along and hurried there the next day to find him right in his glory, surrounded by no less than two dozen beautiful dancers. But I had more surprises coming when I recognized in this group Ruth Bode, Anna Riley, Mildred Champion, Katherine Keighley, and, as the leading girl, Miss Arlene Roberts. I was told that if I stayed around for awhile, I should probably meet another of my classmates. No sooner were the words spoken, than in walked Roger, who, it seemed, had become a wealthy bachelor with nothing to do but live on the interest of his money, and give the girls in Doug's Follies a good time.

I was beginning to feel quite successful in my task, especially since everyone so far had very willingly agreed to be present at our reunion. On my way back to the hotel I happened to pass a restaurant which I found was being run by the Misses Gladys Gill, Julia Juarceys, and Kathleen McMurray. Julia had the position of Cashier. Just see what Johnson High's lunch room did for them! And, as I went by the Woolworth Building, I saw a young woman standing there, dressed in a red coat. Who was it but Mary A., who instead of holding up the Bay State Bldg., had decided to shift her attentions to the Woolworth.

This was my last evening before continuing on my westward trip, so I decided to make the most of it by going to a great Symphony. I was especially eager to hear this as I knew that two of my old friends, Ruth Whitney and Elsa Heider, were to display their art. Both had speedily climbed the ladder of fame and it was said that it would be but a few years before Ruth would surpass Paderewski at the piano and Elsa, Fritz Kreisler on the violin. While I was talking with them later, they told me where I could find some of the other girls. I went where they directed me and found at that address, a sign over the door with large, "red letters" "Friendly Society for Man Haters". I wondered who in our class could have organized this, but least of all did I expect to find that it was Ruby Eagle, Veronica Boyle, and Lois Taylor. How people do change in a few years!

So I set out the next day for Chicago, happy that I had accomplished so much. Before long we were told that the train would have to make a two hour stop at Cleveland and that we could look around the place if we desired. As it was Sunday morning, I thought I might well spend an hour of this time in some church (I do take these notions once in a while). I saw a man and woman coming down the main street and decided to inquire the way to a church. As they approached, I thought that both faces seemed familiar, and finally recognized Marion Buchan. I had already heard that she had gone into partnership with a certain "Ed", and at last had settled down. After recovering from the surprise of seeing each other, they invited me to attend their church, where they promised me another surprise and I surely got one when I saw standing in the pulpit with a long black robe and a saintly looking face—Gerald Curren. As

Marion and her husband accompanied me back to the train, they told me that they had hired Ruthie Putnam as the nurse for their Eddie, Jr.

Once again in the train I bought the Chicago Times and settled down to read for the remaining time. Up on the right hand corner I noticed the familiar name, F. Clifford Gillespie, Editor. Look at the career the Johnson Journal started him on. On the same page was an article entitled "How to Collect Money," and signed Miss Marion Glennie. They say "experience is the best teacher" and she surely had plenty of it. On another page I saw "Daily Essays" written by Dorothy Bolton. Now I was even more convinced that time is very powerful to change. But my greatest shock came when I saw a long column headed "Advice to Heart Broken Lovers" by Miss Anna Watnick.

The first thing I did when I reached Chicago was to hurry to a Beauty Parlor to see if I could repair the damages caused by so much travel. I saw a sign Lou's Beauty Shop. What luck! I was greeted by four of my old classmates, who were playing the good Samaritans and earnestly trying to make people beautiful. "Lou", the manager, our Lucy Elliot, was giving a permanent wave, taking particular pains to have it look exactly like her own. Alice Venner was busily engaged giving facials, manicures, etc., Midgy Schruender was telling all the girls how to let their hair grow, while Blanche Greenwood was giving advice on "How to keep small." I decided to stay in the city until after the Republican National Convention, which was to be held there in a few weeks. I heard a lot said about a certain Robert Graham's being nominated and, of course, was quite eager to know if it was the same one. Sure enough, it was our own "Bob" who was nominated, and, the next November, elected by a great majority to the office of President of the United States. He had to give credit to the class of '29 for starting him on his presidential career. And, for more surprises, I learned that he had as his confidential secretaries, the Misses Rita Winning and Gladys Enaire.

So there, without realizing the fact, I had, within a few months, gotten in touch with the whole class of 1929. And best of all, everyone had willingly agreed to meet in North Andover in May of the following Spring. And what a meeting that was! Of course, all our teachers came, except the former Misses Lang, Cutler, and Haven, who, we learned, were obliged to stay home with their children. What wonderful wives and mothers they made! But the reunion was an event never to be forgotten by any of us, and the Class of 1929 had to thank for this, as for so many other good times, no one, but Miss Sargent.

E. Paterson

FLYING THROUGH THE AGES

Commander Richard E. Byrd says that we of today owe to posterity two great duties. One of these is progress. Aviation

is just beginning to develop, and people have just begun to realize that the development in this field is important.

However, a desire to travel through the air is not new. From the earliest days, men, watching birds in their flight, have tried to find some way whereby they, too, could travel through the air. The first account of any attempt of man to fly comes from the old Greek legend of Daedalus and Icarus. When these two people were imprisoned by Minos, the king of Crete, Daedalus, the father, made wings from feathers. These wings he fastened with melted wax to the shoulders of his son and to his own shoulders. The flight was progressing well when suddenly Icarus, flying too near the sun, lost his wings as the wax melted and plunged into the sea below.

In olden times people who even talked of trying to fly were considered sacrilegious and were often imprisoned or burned at the stake. How could anyone fly through the air? That is for winged creatures only. If God had wished man to travel thus, he would have equipped him with wings. These were some of the things said in an attempt to discourage flying.

Even at the beginning of the twentieth century the greater part of the people were prejudiced against flying. John Trowbridge in his poem "Darius Green and His Flying Machine" seems to express well the feeling of the people of his time towards flying. The poem is a ridicule of the attempt of the young Yankee child to make a flight, and ends with this moral:

"Stick to your sphere;
Or, if you insist, as you have the right,
On spreading your wings for a loftier flight,
The moral is, — Take care where you light."

The idea of flying by flapping wings prevailed for centuries, and it was not until the beginning of the twentieth century that a flight was made in a machine heavier than air. As we all know the credit for that flight goes to the Wright brothers.

The first flights were merely to show to the world that man could travel through the air. Since aviation has developed within the last few years, what a help it has been to mankind!

In large tracts of forest land the growth is so dense that it is difficult to detect the beginning of a fire. The airplane is now used to patrol these areas of land, and this is done in a much more rapid manner, and fires are detected more easily than formerly. When large areas are to be protected from insects, the airplane is now used for spraying.

A few years ago who would have thought of sending mail by air? Yet today nearly all business men who wish rapid delivery use this service. The complaint has been that the mail would become lost in case of accident, but might not the mail car in a train be wrecked in an accident? The official report of fatalities in air mail service shows that only three people, all pilots, have been killed during the years 1925-26-27. In all these cases the mail was saved.

People are always pointing out the dangers in aviation, and sometimes these are exaggerated. Nearly all accidents which occur are in planes which are weak in construction or whose pilots are unlicensed.

Medicine has been carried long distances by plane. This was done in the case of Floyd Bennett.

But what is the greatest contribution that aviation has given to civilization? Is it not the success in bringing about a friendly feeling between nations? For years men have tried to find some plan for world peace. Aviation, because of its heroic flights and the no less heroic though unsuccessful attempts, has brought all the nations in the world closer together than ever before. Is this not a proof that aviation is of some use, and that in the future there is promise of still greater progress?

VALEDICTORY

Dear parents, relatives, and friends, we are glad to have you here tonight. We greatly appreciate the help you have given us and the interest you have taken in our work.

Dear Principal and Teachers, we wish to thank you for your help and cooperation during our four years here. You have always been willing to help us with our problems, and you have entered into our social life with as much enthusiasm as we. As we go on, we shall meet new teachers and new friends, but we shall always hold a spot in our hearts for you.

Schoolmates, after four happy years here, we are going on, leaving to you the task of carrying on in Johnson's name. We have tried our best to live up to the high ideals of Johnson and to be a credit to her, and we know that you will work to uphold these ideals. As we, the class of 1929, bid you farewell, we leave you our best wishes for happiness and success.

Classmates, this is our last gathering as a class in Johnson High School. Wherever we go after leaving Johnson, our thoughts will always return to the happy times which we have had here. Let us always remember to look to this day, for yesterday is but a dream and tomorrow but a vision.

The Class of 1929 bids you all farewell.

CLASS BALLOT

Most Popular (Boy)	Thomas Donlan
Most Popular (Girl)	Marion Buchan
Prettiest (Girl)	Dorothy Bolton
Best looking (Boy)	Arthur Hawkes
Teacher's delight (Boy)	Edmund Fogarty
Teacher's delight (Girl)	Selina McClung
Best all-round (Girl)	Marion Glennie
Best all-round (Boy)	Thomas Donlan

Class baby	Blanche Greenwood
Class humorist	Cornelius Donovan
Class flirt	Lois Taylor
Shyest boy	David Sellers
Shyest girl	Ruth Bode
Class shiek	Douglas Neil
Class dancer (Boy)	Douglas Neil
Class dancer (Girl)	Robena Eagle
Class grind	Marion McGregor
Class actress	Winifred Fitzgerald
Class actor	Samuel Osgood
Class athlete (Boy)	Thomas Donlan
Class athlete (Girl)	Mildred Schruender
Class eater (Girl)	Robena Eagle
Class eater (Boy)	Michael Marchese
Best dressed (Boy)	Roger Dehullu
Best dressed (Girl)	Mary Costello
Sleepiest person in class	Edward Galaher
Most wide-awake	Selina McClung

SCHOOL NEWS *and* NOTES

JOURNAL STAFF FOR 1929 - 1930

Editor	Charles Stillwell
Assistant Editor	Malcolm Choate
Business	Gusta Larson
Circulation	Ralph Stork
Advertising	Robert Rockwell
Athletics	Charlotte Broderick
News	Mabel Barwell
Exchange	Louise Espig
Copy Editors	Kathleen Mullen, Phyllis Joyce
	Frances Rea
Art	Erika Leonard
Humor	Dorcas Curley

The annual class supper was given to the Seniors by the Juniors on Thursday evening, June 13. Supper was served by Harry Foster at 6:30 P. M. Following the supper the will and prophecy were read by Julia Juarceys and Ethelyn Paterson. A play, "The Man from Brandon" was given by the Junior class.

The cast:

Phil Lester	Malcolm Choate
J. Decker M. D.	Francis Trombley
Dan Moulton	Charles Stillwell
Miss J. Spencer	Kathleen Mullen
Berenice Moulton	Erika Leonard
Bertha Melvin	Charlotte Broderick
Anne	Elsie Hargraves

We were very glad to hear of the Harvard Club's gift to the most all-round boy in the Junior class. The gift is "Classic Shades" by Mr. A. De Wolfe Howe, beautifully bound in red leather bearing the Harvard seal. This year Charles Allen Stillwell was unanimously chosen by the faculty, a choice which met with the unanimous approval of the whole student body. Charles has an excellent scholastic record in the five subjects which he has carried this year and is the president of the Junior Class. He has helped Johnson win many games in football and basket ball. In addition to all this he was leading man in the school play and has been circulation manager of the Johnson Journal. He certainly has been Johnson's most all-round boy.

On Friday evening, May 24, 1929, the annual Junior-Senior Guest party was held. The hall was decorated with the national colors, red, white, and blue. A large American flag was displayed in the center of the hall.

Dancing was enjoyed to the music of Mr. Consentino's orchestra. Favor dances were enjoyed during the course of the evening, and refreshments were served.

The committee in charge were the presidents of the Junior and Senior classes.

A few short weeks ago the student body had the opportunity and the pleasure of hearing Mr. Arthur V. Dimock speak on "Youth and Freedom". Mr. Dimock brought out the fact that one may be free only to the extent that he isn't a law breaker. He said that many brave and great men had lived their lives within the law. "In other words," he said, "in youth have all the freedom yourselves, but don't go beyond the law."



ATHLETICS



A brief summary of the athletics shows a year of success, in spite of handicaps.

The football team, although light and meeting heavier and bigger teams, played good football, winning 3 games and losing 8. Ralph Stork was elected captain for next year.

The work of the basket ball teams is to be commended. The girls' team took second place in the Suburban league, while the boys' team took two second places, one in the Suburban league, and another in the Lowell Suburban League.

The girls have elected Charlotte Broderick as captain of their team for the next season. Don Neil was elected captain of the boys' team after much balloting. The prospects for next year's teams are very bright.

The baseball team led by Tom Donlan has not progressed so well up-to-date, due to the inexperience of the team. Up to date the team has won 2 games and lost 6.



Top Row: A. Galaher, E. Galaher, R. Stork, R. Kelley, D. Neville, T. Donlan
Front Row: J. Phelan, E. Curley, W. Lyons, A. Bastian, C. Driscoll, D. Neil, J. Maselunas



ALUMNI NOTES



Miss Clara P. Gibson, Class of '25, recently announced her engagement to Mr. Clemens B. Emmert of Boston University, College of Business Administration. Mr. Emmert is of the Class of 1930.

Mr. Wilfred Wild, Class of '22, and Miss Beatrice E. Wainwright were married Saturday, June 15. Miss Wainwright, who was formerly a student of Johnson, is now a nurse.



EXCHANGES



Blue and White
Red and White
Lawrencian
Live Wire
Alligator
Massachusetts Collegian
Breezes
The Ray
Red and White
Jamaco Journal
Mary E. Wells High School
High Life
Lasell Leaves

Methuen, Mass.
Sanford, Maine
Lawrence, Mass.
Groveland, Mass.
Ware, Mass.
Amherst, Mass.
West Newbury, Mass.
Salem, N. H.
Essex Aggies
Merrimac, Mass.
Southbridge, Mass.
Littleton, Mass.
Lasell Seminary

 PERSEVERANCE

Are you content to go on living in the same old way?
And let the same things happen as they've happened every day?
Year in, year out, the same old grind,
In time, will dull the keenest mind,
And drown your aspirations and ambitions, you will find.
Are you the kind that lets things pass if they are "good enough"?
Or do you try to better them, although it's rather tough?
Will you sit back and let the other fellow forge ahead?
You've got to watch your step and be the one in front instead.
So shake yourself, make up your mind to do a lot of things,
And step right out and show the world what perseverance brings.

E. M. L. '30.



JOKES



Miss Hatch to begging tramp: "But, my good man, I can't see how you can be content to walk around on the streets and beg for a living."

Tramp: "Well, madam, I'm not. Many the time I've wished I had an auto."

As he gazed into the small, round, white face so close to his own, noted the two small hands pressed up against it, he shuddered.

"Gee," he said, "I'd better hurry, or I'll be late for school," and returned his watch to his pocket.

Nice Old Lady, (to drug clerk): "Now young man, I wish that you would give me some humane mothballs. Not any that would injure the moth, you understand, but some that would just make them lose their appetites."

Jaywalker—"Say, Officer, can you tell me the quickest way to the hospital?"

Cop—"Sure. Just stand where you are."

Sunday School Teacher: "My word! Doesn't that little boy swear terribly?"

Back Slider: Yes'm, he sure do. He knows the words, but he don't put no expression in them."

Employer: "Yes, I want an office boy. Do you smoke?"

Polite Candidate: "No, sir, thank you, but I'll accept an ice cream cone."

Little Man (at theatre): "I'm afraid you're in the wrong seat, old fellow."

Pugilist: "You don't need to be afraid, that is, not unless you're thinking of making me move."

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